I KNOW NOT THE WAY.

I know not the way I am going,
The stars keep no watch for the day,
Strange waters beside me are flowing,
And darkness lies over the way;
Oh, beautiful hills of the morning!
I thirst for your rivers of dawn,
And hear but the bugle of warning,
And know but the days that are gone.

I see not if billowy meadows
With flower foam cresting the sod,
Shall border the kingdom of shadows,
But kneel in thanksgiving to God
For every green leaf from the ocean,
That tells me the waters shall cease,
And somewhere their silver commotion
Is kissing the islands of peace.

I hear not if heavenly voices
Are breathing of comfort and trust;
They die in a discord of noises,
The sweet keys are covered with dust;
And yet since the angels are singing
To-day as in ages ago,
Some glad note in Paradise ringing
Shall break through the valleys below.

I know not the way I am going,
Nor fear lest the crossings be deep,
For where the swift waters are flowing
Their vigils God's sentinels keep;
And this is the beauty of sorrow:
It hides a dear hope for a day,
To shape in some marble to-morrow
The form we had fashioned in clay.

—*Annie Herbert, in the Congregationalist.*

A SERVIAN LOVE-POEM.

Through the hawthorn-shaded meadow a gentle
stream et floweth;
And to that streamlet, every morn, a fair young
maiden goeth
To draw the sparkling water, for her home in
white Belgrade.
Mirko brought a golden apple, and lovingly he
said:
"Oh, take this gift, my pretty one; and wilt
thou now be mine?"
The girl threw back the costly gift: "I never
will be thine!"
Through the hawthorn-shaded meadow a gentle
streamlet floweth;
And to that streamlet, every morn, a fair young
maiden goeth
To draw the sparkling water, for her home in
white Belgrade.
A golden chain brought Mirko, and lovingly he
said:
"Wilt take this necklace, pretty one, and wilt
thou yet be mine?"
"Away," she cried, "thy chain and thee! I
never will be thine!"
Through the hawthorn-shaded meadow a gentle
streamlet bendeth;
And to that streamlet, every morn, a fair young
maiden wendeth
To draw the sparkling water, for her home in
white Belgrade.
A ring of gold brought Mirko, and lovingly he
said:
"Oh take this ring, my dearest one, and wilt
thou now be mine:"
The ring is on her finger: "Forever I am thine!"

THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

"I can not write any more," said a letter from one of my most esteemed correspondents. "The soul of my life has fled, only the gaunt skeleton of existence remains to me. There is no more poetry, no more art, no more inspiration for me. My little Ellen is dead."

"But," I wrote in reply, "you are young yet, and despair is unnatural. Twenty-five years can not have exhausted all the sources of happiness, of contentment."

"No," she wrote, "happiness still dwells in the universe for others; but my heart is consumed, blackened with fire, withered."

I knew it was impossible that such feelings should be lasting. Youthful hearts, buoyant by nature and replete with excellencies, are fertile in every thing but despair. But a change of scene, of association, was very necessary to Aurelia. My next letter contained a pressing invitation for her to spend the winter with me. At first she resolutely declined; but when, at Michaelmas, I made a journey to Cloverdale on purpose to bring her home with me, her good aunt joined her entreaties to mine, and the result was Aurelia yielded passively, and suffered herself to be brought away.

I anticipated a double pleasure in presenting Aurelia Desmond to my friends—for, in spite of her protestations, I was determined that she should be so introduced. Over and beyond the benefit which I felt sure she would derive from the companionship of a small circle of refined and cultivated, yet mostly original minds, I prophesied a pleasant surprise to more than one of them, in contemplating the purity and simplicity of character which made the young widow so charming, and I innocently plotted that the delicate film of mystery which I would weave about her should brighten the charm.

Aurelia had been an orphan from her infancy. Her mother had been of Quaker parentage, and left her infant, with her dying breath, to the care of her only sister, a member of the order of Friends. By Aurelia's marriage with one of the world's people, she had forfeited the religious sympathy of the congregation, but, after the death of her idolized husband, she had been reinstated in their favor, though she had never conformed herself wholly to their rules of dress and speech. Of course, even at the death of her only child, little Ellen, she wore no mourning; and the fact, together with the Quakerlike simplicity which made her like always to be addressed by her first name, determined me to conceal as much as possible of her former history from her new acquaintances. It was partly for her own benefit, too, that I arranged this little plot; since the purpose of her visit would, doubtless, be the more effectually gained if she could be spared all those condolences and expressions of sympathy which the knowledge of her desolate condition would naturally call forth.

Familiar as I was with the pure and noble qualities of her mind, her stately and statuesque beauty, heightened, perhaps, by that dignity which a great grief always imposes, impressed me deeply, and a tender attachment sprang up between us.

She was introduced to my friends only as Aurelia Desmond; and they, appreciating the simple dignity of the appellation, pronounced it with such deep respect that its plainness could not possibly have been offensive to the most fastidious.

I confess that my anticipations of Aurelia were not at first perfectly realized. She certainly attracted as much attention as I could have desired, for the charm of her beauty and intelligence, heightened by the mournful reserve which displayed so perfectly her abstraction of soul and deep acquaintance with sorrow, made her everywhere an object of profound interest. But she herself was little affected by this attention. No eloquence or brilliancy of manner could attract her outward from the entrenched citadel of her sorrowful thoughts; no piquancy of wit or repartee could waken more than the faintest smile about her beautiful mouth; no delicacy of sympathy, or unspoken appreciation of her unknown grief, could melt her from her high reserve and make her even by sighs communicative. I felt that my resources were fast failing me—there was but one left.

"Aurelia," I said, one bright winter morning, "let us go and pay a visit. A friend of mine has just finished a beautiful picture—at least he considers it his masterpiece—and invites my inspection. It will be a pleasure to you to accompany me, I am sure."

"Yes," she replied, simply, "I like pictures. I hope it is a landscape, with fine trees, mellow distance, and a blue thread of a river crossing the foreground. I shall see then if he has clothed his stones with the right kind of moss, and tinted the petals of his blossoms correctly."

It was the first time I had known her to show so much interest. I was encouraged. I watched her as she deliberately completed her toilet, by tying the soft satin bow under her chin, arranging the rich sable furs, drawing on the delicate gloves, taking up the faintly perfumed handkerchief, and the pretty muff, and saying, quietly:

"Now I am ready."

It was impossible, I thought, not to love one so pure, so sorrowful, so sweet.

"It was very thoughtful in thee," she said, as we walked along—using her pretty Quaker speech as she sometimes did in confidential moments—"to screen me from comment and inquiry by withholding my story from thy friends. Sometimes, indeed, I feel that I am leading myself to deception; but dost thou not think it an innocent one?"

"Certainly," I replied. "I think it perfectly justifiable under the circumstances."

"And yet I have thought that if it were discovered it might lend an unpleasant seeming to our conduct. Dost thou think there is danger?"

"Scarcely," I replied. "At least the probability is so remote, if it exists at all, that it isn't worth while to discuss it at present. By and by we may, perhaps, feel justified in ourselves making the revelation. Father Time is dealing tenderly with you, I think, Aurelia."

Her beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"Is it kind or cruel of him," she said, "to steal the sting from our sorrows? When I can no longer nurse my grief the last moments of my happiness will have passed away."

"Ah!" I said, "the bitter fruits, like the sweet, have their seasons of bloom, maturity and decay. In place of your asphodel will grow up spring violets by-and-by."

She only sighed and shook her head. We had reached the studio, and were entering. At this moment my friend, Mr. Raymond, was engaged, so we amused ouselves for a time with the paintings hung on the walls, the little sketches, half finished, which were turned—their backs toward us—against the ceiling, but which I knew pretty well how to draw forth and exhibit in a proper light.

Yet while thus entertaining Aurelia I was not so much admiring the pictures as studying, by side glances, the strange lady with whom Mr. Raymond was talking. She was a very striking person; there was that about her which not only arrested but rivited my attention. The influence by which my eyes seemed perpetually to turn to her, from whatever station I assumed, reminded me of the ancient arts of fascination and witchery, and I wondered if she exerted the same power over Raymond, who was stooping over the chair in which she sat to catch her murmured tones. Hardly—Raymond was a man of many experiences and much penetration.

Finally she rose, shook out her dainty flounces with a silken touch, all the while that her full, expressive eyes were turned upon Raymond, and, having given him her hand in a warm, impressive manner, that was full of art, sailed slowly down the room. As she passed us, I noticed that her eye fell upon Aurelia. There was a quick, and, it seemed to me, malignant glance of recognition, a slight and haughty stoop of the proud form, and she passed on with an added touch of hauteur in her manner. I looked at Aurelia; her usually pale face was overspread with a flush, and her breath seemed to come and go between her parted lips in pants like that of a frightened deer. Mr. Raymond was approaching, however, and I touched her arm to recall her self-command.

The movement was effectual. The flush subsided, leaving only a faint trace of rose in either cheek, which added inexpressibly to her loveliness. I could see by Raymond's eye, as I introduced my friend, that he was struck with her appearance; and I purposely engaged them in conversation, that they might gain some insight into each other's natures before we commenced speaking of strictly artistic matters. Then I questioned Raymond about the sketches at which we had been looking; and thus it was, perhaps, fifteen minutes before the chief purpose of our visit was broached, and by that time Aurelia's composure was perfectly restored. Raymond led us at once to the center of the room, where, in the full light of the sky-window, stood an easel covered with a cloth. The covering was carefully drawn aside, and the next moment there was revealed to us simply the head of a little girl of three years. It was exquisite in outline and coloring, and the expression was life-like; thoughtful, serious, tender almost beyond words, yet child-like withal. I indulged in a flood of rapturous exclamations, but, turning to Aurelia, I saw that her eyes were suffused with tears, and, in another instant, I heard her softly murmuring:

"My child—my child!"

Raymond was gazing upon her with a deeply penetrating glance.

"Am I mistaken?" he asked of me, in a whisper, as Aurelia's preoccupation shielded her from inquiry, "or is this Mrs. Desmond, the widow of my old friend Harry?"

But Aurelia's quick ear caught the sound; she blushed crimson, and, extending her hand with the artlessness of a child, exclaimed:

"You know my husband? Ah! then you will be the friend of his wife, and refrain from exposing her to the sharp comments of the world. No one knows my history here but Mrs. Earle."

Raymond readily assured her of his discretion, and, thinking to divert her attention from the embarrassing topic, asked her opinion of the picture.

"It is perfect. So like my own little Ellen, too. Ah! Mr. Raymond, I should have thought only a mother's heart could have nourished such an inspiration."

Raymond blushed at the rather embarrassing compliment.

"We artists," he said, "see beauty in all its forms. We gaze upon young children perhaps more tenderly than even some maternal eyes—since where shall we catch glimpses of divine beauty, perfect and unveiled, if not in the human soul fresh from its mother's presence, and unstained as yet by contact with the world? The child is yet to the man what the clear mountain spring is to the turbulent and roaring river."

That visit to Raymond's studio proved the turning point in Aurelia's history. Raymond came afterward often to see us, and by his subtle yet genial knowledge of human nature, aided perhaps by his thorough knowledge of her antecedents, succeeded in that in which so many had failed. He beguiled Aurelia of her grief and by his graphic powers of conversation he touched the only chord in her heart which grief had not had power to unstring. Already I began to build up the most gorgeous air-castles for my two friends, rosy as the hues of sunset.

I had never inquired of Aurelia concerning her acquaintance with the lady whom we had met in Raymond's studio, thinking that it might perhaps be an unpleasant topic. But sitting one day in her room, a sketch dropped from her portfolio. My eye rested upon it only a moment—for she immediately stooped and replaced it—but its characteristics were too striking not to be apprehended. It was a mere outline of flowing robes, heavy fur mantle, nodding plumes, and dainty muff; but the face which the bonnet encircled was not that of the handsome woman we had seen at Raymond's, but the ugly and distorted head of a serpent, while dimly through the length of the figure I could trace the scaly, serpentine evolution and stinging tail which formed the proper continuation of that odious head. It was a strange conception to come from the brain of my magnanimous and high-souled friend.

"Dost thou see her? Dost thou not see her?" exclaimed Aurelia, one day running into my room, with eyes distended and hair flowing like a spirit.

I followed the direction of her eager hand, and looking out, saw that same elegant lady entering the gate.

"I can not meet her," said Aurelia. "She would sting me so with her sharp tongue that I should die of her venom. Go thou down, my dear friend, and say I am preoccupied—ill—any thing that is not too gross a deception—that I may escape her. You will see that I am not merely a coward when you meet her snaky eye and listen to her beguiling accents."

The servant had already admitted her, so there was no alternative but to comply with Aurelia's request. I stepped to my dressing-room to add a hasty touch to my toilet, and, turning, met the servant with a card which Aurelia had sent to me from the guest below. It was a neat, elegant missive, with this name:

MRS. HAROLD MOUNTJOY.

A new light dawned upon me as I read that name, and whatever tremors I may have felt after Aurelia's excited description they vanished now. I knew with whom I had to deal, and felt sure that whatever game she might play I knew a secret art by which, if necessary, to checkmate her.

Mrs. Mountjoy rose as I entered, as if about to greet warmly an old friend. Upon seeing a stranger a slight change passed quickly over her countenance, and she bowed coldly in answer to my salutation.

"Mrs. Desmond desires to be excused," I said, coolly; for I was quite willing our visitress should understand that her presence was unwelcome. "She labors under a slight indisposition, which will prevent her seeing any guests this morning."

"Indeed!" replied Mrs. Mountjoy. "I regret it extremely, I assure you. It is some years since I have met Mrs. Desmond, and it would give me great pleasure to renew her acquaintance. Please to present my compliments to her, and say that, since I am so unfortunate this morning, I shall give myself the pleasure of calling again. I heard of her presence here through our mutual friend, Mr. Raymond; and, indeed, I have been greatly stimulated to persevere in my earnest resolve to renew our friendship by that gentleman's enthusiastic description of her. She was Miss Leslie when I knew her, and sufficiently charming; but I can readily believe that time has only matured her loveliness."

I had not heard the hiss of the serpent once throughout all this long speech. Her voice was honeyed sweetness, but at the conclusion I perceived distinctly the snake-like glitter of her eye.

"Mrs. Desmond is, indeed, a very lovely woman," I said, simply; "quiet worthy the friendship and esteem of the noblest. She is in peculiar affliction, however, at present, and sees very little society."

"Indeed! I thought her quite gay, and I have admired her resolution in so effectually concealing the deep grief which the death of her little daughter must have caused her. I may add that Miss Leslie and myself were rivals in our girlhood. Please say to her, with my regards, that I consider it a particularly good fortune to me that this opportunity for renewing our acquaintance occurs at a time when my happy marriage and her touching grief render the indulgence of the old jealousy, which *I* had certainly reason to indulge in then, utterly absurd. Tell her that I promise good behavior for the future, if she will but admit me on the list of her friends."

I confess I was more than surprised at such importunity from Mrs. Harold Montjoy. Her husband was old, wealthy and gentle; her position as a leader of fashion, at present an enviable one, however unenviably attained. Why she should so especially care, unless for some sinister motive, to renew her acquaintance with Aurelia, who moved in so entirely different a sphere, I did not at first see clearly. But in an instant I remembered her earnest and impressive manner, as she bade Raymond adieu that morning, and a great light illumined my mind. I was more than ever determined that Mrs. Mountjoy should not succeed in this pernicious scheme of hers.

But Raymond! And here a doubt entered my mind which I had once or twice before entertained. He was a man of noble intellect, of a quick perception of right or wrong, but of the strength of his moral principles I had then and even now entertained a suspicion. If Mrs. Harold Mountjoy, with her insinuating graces, and the strong bribe of her powerful patronage, should throw herself too much in his way, how far would he yield himself to her influence, and, while he thought himself accepting of her homage to his intellect, become in reality the victim of her machinations? For several reasons the question was an interesting one to me.

Raymond called that evening. Aurelia happened to be up stairs at the time, writing a latter, so that I enjoyed the wished-for opportunity of a *tete-a-tete* with him.

"A friend of yours called here today," I said, "who, it seems, is also an old acquaintance of Aurelia's—Mrs. Mountjoy. She is an interesting character; do tell me about her."

Raymond smiled the peculiar smile of a man of the world.

"Yes. She and Aurelia were rivals once, I think. That is, after Harry's engagement with Miss Leslie, he met Mrs. Mountjoy. That was before her marriage, and she was near breaking off the match. What a schemer she is! And yet I like her."

"What is it that you like in her?"

"Her smartness, her cunning, her utter incapacity of being sincere make her exceedingly amusing, I assure you. So she called on Aurelia, did she?"

"Yes. Expressed a great admiration for her, and a strong desire to renew the old acquaintance; told me of your eulogies, and of her entire credence of them. Aurelia wouldn't see her. Do you know, Mr. Raymond, I suspect the woman of sinister designs upon you?"

Raymond smiled, and then for a moment looked serious.

"I can tell you," he said, "what I dare not tell Aurelia—that she herself has been my salvation. I met Mrs. Mountjoy in society in the most casual way in the world. The result was an acquaintance which time, her acts, and my indifference to consequences were fast ripening into an intimacy. I do not know what her object was, nor do I care. It might have been simply the pleasant sensation which such natures undoubtedly feel in the exercise of their peculiar power. At any rate, her sighs, her eager questions, her half-confidences were doing their work when Aurelia's noble countenance and pure, child-like heart awoke me, by a sense of contrast, to my danger. What do you think about second marriages, my friend? Do you share Aurelia's opinion that a person can never be twice happy in married life?"

"Not altogether. With some weak, or narrow, or idiosyncratic natures it may be so. But for a woman with the large heart and overflowing sympathies of Aurelia it is different. Undoubtedly she will never forget her Harry; but in the years which are to come I doubt not she may be won to bestow equal, or even deeper, tenderness upon another. And why not? Her nature is deepening day by day."

"And that other would be the happiest man on earth."

"If you think so, persevere, and win the prize."

Raymond's declaration which followed but a short time after the above conversation took Aurelia quite by surprise. I was not disappointed—nor, I think, was he—that she gave him an unqualified refusal.

He told her his story; confessed the weakness of which he had been guilty; showed her her power, not so much to sway him from any course which he had deliberately chosen as by pure associations to influence his choice; pleaded his earnest love and reverence for her, and then left the case in her hands.

"Such assurance," said Aurelia, with a smile, "to make even his faults plead for him."

"At least, it proves his sincerity," I said. "A courtship based upon such candor is free from many dangers."

"I can not forget," she said, "that that sweet picture once lay warm and pure at his heart. I know he must, at the core, be tender and true. I am willing to be, nay, I am proud and happy to be, his friend, his sister even; but I have been a wife once, and it is over—I can not be again."

It was nearly spring, and Aurelia returned to her quiet home. Mr. Raymond came often to see me, and I know he had not forgotten Aurelia. Mr. Harold Mountjoy died that spring, and left his widow free in the exercise of her peculiar talents. She frequented Raymond's studio more than ever, but to no effect. Her spell once broken, Raymond was too clear-sighted to be caught again.

Aurelia wrote frequently, and I saw by her letters that her home was not what it had once been.

"I am haunted," she wrote to me in the early autumn. "I walk out into the woods, and the mellow sunshine mocks me with the loss of loving smiles; the winds, whispering in the branches, remind me of my baby's sweet tones; and a yellow leaf that dropped once upon my forehead made me start—I thought it was her gentle touch; even the birds are happy in the exercise of all their gentle, loving nature. I only am left desolate. I have told you more than I meant to, but not more than my heart often compels me to think."

Of course, I had no right to tell Raymond all this; but I did say to him one day:

"You are looking worn. Why don't you spend one of these glorious October days in the country? Run down with my love to Aurelia, and an invitation to come back and spend the winter with me."

"I'll go," he said. "It will be the best medicine for me."

When he came back his countenance was radiant with joy.

"Are you well paid for going?" I asked him.

"Amply. She would give me no promise, but, I left a ring upon her finger. Ah! she is a jewel!"

When the spring came again I went down to Aurelia's wedding. She is a happy wife and a mother now; the light of her home; the every-day blessing and the inspiration of a circle of warm and true friends.

"Ah!" she said to me the other day, "nature plans wisely and well. Two are stronger for life's duties than one, meeter for life's pleasures; and for that discipline which all souls need in tenderness and thoughtfulness and charity, there is nothing like a happy marriage, with its year-by-year growth of experience in love."

Mrs. Harold Mountjoy cuts Raymond and his wife. She lives on her lonely, selfish, intriguing life in the midst of her splendor, bearing a bitter, restless and craving heart. Who, then, among our readers would wish to be a serpent for the sake of shining in glittering scales?

Delving After Wealth.

It only takes five minutes. You step into the cage, and the hand that guides the Titan at the surface touches the rein of the black monster, and you are plunging into the gloom. In a moment the lights of earth go out; by the glare of lanterns you know you are passing dripping timbers; the sounds from above grow fainter and cease; the vapors rise from around you as from a caldron; you hear now and then a rumble in the depths, as though the dark spirits below were complaining that their treasures were being thus taken away; you listen, expecting to hear the muttering gnomes which guard the sacred treasures; there comes a dance of the cage under your feet; you know the hand above has touched the burden-bearer, and then the cage stops and you are more than a quarter of a mile below the busy city which you just a few minutes before left; from the dusty highway you have stepped into the world's grandest treasure-house; you have passed from the temperate to the tropical zone in a moment—you are in a bonanza. It takes but a little space to complete the transition; it takes but a moment to describe it; but the change is wonderful, and to one of a thoughtful mind the wonder increases with each returning visit. It is no little thing to work a mine 1,500 feet below the surface. True, there are broad avenues there; broad timbers which, like Atlas, seem competent to support a world upon their broad backs; there are engineers at work and cars running; but every glimpse of a man there reveals the exertion necessary to keep this conflict with the spirits which guard the buried treasure below. The men are stripped to the waist, those brawny delvers, with perspiration bursting from every pore and their bodies shining as it is said the Spanish victims shone in the sunlight when stretched upon the top of Teocola, ere the Aztec priests tore out their hearts for a sacrifice. Those white breast have another significance. On the surface servile races may take from the laborer his bread; down in that gloom there is no fear of competition. The palefaces there hold sway. There the Caucasian race is indispensable, for what is needed among gnomes is a steady brain, a quick, strong hand, a ruling intelligence. Those strongholds are not stormed until grappled with by the world's ruling races. It looks pleasant down there in the mimic streets and under the lantern's glare, but before those streets were opened there was in the stifling air a work performed which can not be calculated. Picks were swung, drills were struck, powder was burned, men fainted and fell in their places; but the work went on. So it will proceed in the future, until probably after another sixteen years they will be worked 3,000 feet below the surface as unconcerned as they now delve at the present levels. We pass through a long drift, and suddenly we find where the attacking column is driving into the ore. The sight is magnificent, but for those in the East who fancy that silver-mining is a light thing to accomplish one visit here would dispel the illusion. A glimpse at the work, a glance at the machinery, a few thoughts of the study required to make a successful battle against the rock, the danger and gnomes, would suddenly reveal to them how it is that a first-class miner has to be a first-class man, and how, after he completes his education below ground, he can seize upon the ordinary avocation of life as a student after compassing algebra is never more troubled by a problem in arithmetic. But we are on the cage once more, the bell up above signals that there is precious freight on board, and in five minutes more we are out of the depths, the blessed sunlight comes to us again, the summer strikes us with a chill, we are out of the depths, and have done the bonanza.—*Boulder (Col.) Courier.*

A Scared Darkey.

A letter from Norwich, Conn., to the Hartford *Times* contains the following story, as told by George W. Fuller, a submarine diver, who is now in the former city: "While performing some work for 'Uncle Sam' in one of the Southern ports, where it was customary for those who supplied the market with early garden-truck to load their boats and row them around to the wharf, it happened that one day a burly negro loaded his boat with watermelons, and had just reached the dock where the usual number of loungers stood watching the operations of the diver. The negro, all unconscious of his situation, was zealously endeavoring to dispose of his cargo, when Fuller suddenly emerged, helmet first, from the water, thrusting his goggle-eyes and ugly head before the astonished occupant of the boat, and, seizing one of the largest of the melons, sunk immediately. The darkey, with a yell and a bound, reached the dock, and neither stopped nor turned until he reached home with the tidings that 'de debble had 'fiscated de melons and was taken 'um down.'"

A Steer Jumps from a Bridge and Crushes a Man to Death.

This morning at 10 o'clock, says the Cincinnati *Times*, the people living near the Covington end of the Cincinnati Bridge were horrified to learn that a man named Hickey, who resided at No. 29 East Seventh Street, Covington, had met with a terrible, and in all probability fatal, accident. The details of the sad affair are few and easily told. Wm. Hickey and three companions were standing on Front Street, immediately under the bridge, engaged in conversation, while a drove of cattle were being driven over, and, as guards are placed on both sides of the bridge, the thought that any danger was incurred by standing under it never suggested itself to either of them. It appears, however, that among the drove was an unruly steer, who had caused the drivers some trouble in coming through the city, and who then seemed determined not to cross, and, despite their efforts to keep him in the wagonway, succeeded in getting on the footwalk, near the abutment, from which place it leaped over the guards, tearing away the telegraph-supports and wire, and alighting on the unfortunate man, literally mashing him to pieces. The wharfmaster, who stood within a few feet at the time of the accident, assisted by the three companions before mentioned, raised the dead animal from the poor sufferer, and carried him into a house near by, then promptly summoned Dr. Kearns, who ordered an ambulance for the purpose of taking him to the hospital, where it is since reported, death ended his agony. When first picked up, blood and water issued from his ears and nostrils, and the Doctor gave it as his opinion that he could live but a few hours, at farthest. The unfortunate man is a rolling-mill workman, and has a wife and three children. We were unable to learn the name of the owners of the drove, the men in charge refusing to give the information.

Mementoes of Andrew Johnson.

A Kentucky correspondent, writing from Greenville, Tennessee, the former home of Andrew Johnson, mentions some of the mementoes of the ex-President, as follows: The veritable tailor's shop is standing and may be seen by any visitor. Mine host worked with Andy on the bench. Mr. Johnson's old home, a plain and simple structure bearing the impress of time, is on a retired street. The house in which Mr. Johnson lived, when he first came to Tennessee, is a small, one-story frame, 12x14 feet, two doors and one window. His tailor's shop was much the same kind of a structure, with a plain board sign, without border, two and one-half feet long and eighteen inches wide, blackish base, with yellowish-red letters, "A. Johnson, Tailor." The house in which he last lived is a very plain but neat two-story, with a two-story wing running from one end. His son now occupies the home. Crape hangs on the door-knob yet.